

Usefully Useless

Four Year Strong

Sitting face to face with all the wreckage
With no perspective I just don't get it
Pulling limb from limb, feeling dissected
I'm on the fence of feeling calm and collected

Another lie keeps running through my brain
I can change, I can change, I can change

I just can't figure out what's wrong with me
I just don't want to be a wannabe

Spending all my time self-diagnosing
While decomposing, usefully useless
Circumstances are holding me hostage
I wake up exhausted, at this point I've lost it

Another lie keeps running through my brain
I can change, I can change, I can change
I can change, I can change

I just can't figure out what's wrong with me
I just don't want to be a wannabe

There's nothing left to talk about
I'd rather you just block it out
Living with the paranoia
Can't control the void
I'm doing alright
I'm doing alright
I'm still living with the paranoia
Can't control the void
I'm doing alright

Another lie keeps running through my brain
I can change, I can change, I can change

I just can't figure out what's wrong with me
I just don't want to be a wannabe
A wannabe
I just don't want to be a wannabe